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The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in The
Evening World in March, 1904..... 1,501 1/2
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Evening World in March, 1903..... 1,032 1/2

INCREASE..... 469 1/2

No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New
York EVER carried in regular editions in any one month
such a volume of display advertising as The Evening
World carried in March, 1904.

AMERICANS AS THEY "QUIT."

A London paper's correspondent, "doing" America,
discovered recently what seemed to him a sufficient
excuse for sending the following message to his editor:
The Canadians look down upon the Americans
(Yankies) as being inferior in staying qualities.
This paragraph undoubtedly created an interval of
surprise in London, where "the American invasion" is
known in force. Very probably it caused not less
astonishment among the Canadians when it returned
to the Dominion by mail.
To New York it isn't a surprising paragraph at all.
We know the English travelling correspondent at his
fiercest. However—

Among those under whose eyes the item has fallen
is Mr. Cy Warman. This gentleman is amused and
edified. In the current number of Leslie's Monthly he
becomes instructive. He has gathered a few personal
instances in the matter of "Americans as quitters."
There is, first, the case of William C. Van Horne,
who "quit" a good subordinate job in the States and
went into Canada to complete the task, abandoned by
other men, of putting through a big transcontinental
railway. He accomplished his road and a knighthood
—he's Sir William, now—but then he "quit" again
and went to "building roads in Cuba, digging coal in
Nova Scotia, making steel and paper in other places,
and farming in the Northwest."

Lacks "staying qualities," you see. Can't even
stay in a rut.
Then there is Thomas Shaughnessy. He, too, has
won a "Sir" in Canada. Hailing from St. Paul, he be-
came general storekeeper on the Canadian Pacific and
worked right up to the presidency, quitting place after
place on the way.
No "stayer," he. Kept moving right along.
Third instance: Charles M. Hays "quit" the Gould
system in St. Louis seven years ago and went up to
transform the Grand Trunk from a dead line to a
quick one. He did his work and "quit," despite a
proffered raise in salary. The Southern Pacific wanted
him for its president. But he did not stay with S. P.
It was back to the Grand Trunk, and—would you
believe it?—he has even "quit" the general manage-
ment there to go and gather gold in England for the
building of a new Atlantic-to-Pacific road.
Mr. Hays simply won't "stay put."

If Mr. Warman were disposed to go into less
personal particulars, he could be still further informed
on the subject of American "quitters."
In the year 1898, there were something less than
10,000 persons who crossed the border into Canada's
far west. In 1902, the number of new settlers from
the States going to transform Dominion wastes into
rich wheat fields had increased to 30,000.
Also, in 1902, American dollars invested in Canadian
development increased by so many millions that the
Consular Bureau at Washington issued a six-page
report giving the items.
At the head of the list were a \$6,000,000 steel and
coal company and a \$6,000,000 concern to affiliate
with the Spreckels Sugar Company.
Even our dollars will "quit"—when fresh fields and
opportunities offer.

But not all our "quitters" have gone to Canada.
We have illustrious examples who stayed at home.
One of these looms amid the beginnings of our history.

George Washington so bore himself through the
first two Presidential terms of the Republic that there
was a demand, not insignificant, for his continuance
through a third. He "quit" with a farewell address
which has been read, doubtless, in Canada.

Around the century vicinity, after Washington, one
Grover Cleveland served likewise two terms at the
head of the nation. He has just "quit" in well-con-
sidered words at a period when his mere nod would
have put him again in the running.
In the industrial world, Andrew Carnegie, Scotch
by birth, but American by every other tie, "quit"
—giving up millions by active endeavor when the im-
pression reached him that it was time for him to be-
come a distributor of wealth.

There are other American "quitters" who could be
listed readily. Concerning each, it would be found
that where he "quit" and pretty surely where he took
hold again something would have been done and
something would be doing.

It is much to know when, how and where to "quit."

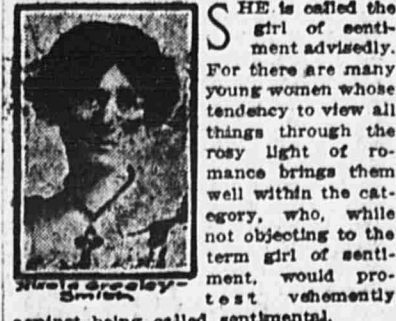
"How to save Sunday." Nobody thought to counsel
rational use in place of blue-law abuse.

A TENEMENT "WELL DONE!"

At the end of an item of church news in yesterday's
papers was a little story many readers may have missed.
It concerned an elderly woman of New York, in
whose tenement room a portrait of the late Col. Waring
hung between two sacred pictures.
Bishop Potter tells the story. It was he who asked
of the old woman, "Do you pray to that man?"
"Oh, no!" was the reply, "but I put that there in
gratitude to him. I can never forget that he made the
street clean and sweet for my children. I will always pray
for him."
It is out of vogue for men in public office to do things
merely for public gratitude—particularly if the grateful
cannot vote. Nevertheless, no harm can be done by
remembering much of this little yarn of the Bishop.

The Modern Girl of Sentiment.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith



SHE is called the
girl of sentiment
advisedly. For there are many
young women whose
tendency to view all
things through the
rosy light of ro-
mance brings them
well within the cat-
egory, who, while
day against the day
not objecting to the
term, girl of senti-
ment, would pro-
test vehemently
against being called sentimental.

Tell the modern girl that she is senti-
mental and you are met immediately
with indignant disclaimer of the (to her)
opprobrious adjective. "It's Sentimen-
tal!" she exclaims. "I'm nothing of the
kind. How ridiculous!"
And yet, if she is a girl at all worth
having, she is sentimental nevertheless.
There exists a very general prej-
udice among the young women of to-
day against the implication of senti-
ment, possibly because they do not, or
they believe the world does not, make
a distinction between sentiment and
sentimentality.

In our great-grandmother's days, on
the contrary, it was the desire of every
young woman to have it thought that
her heart was a very well of senti-
mental feeling, and Thackeray's Blanche
Amory, who embodied her somewhat
gelatinous feelings in poems, which she
christened her "tears," and the earlier
Lydia Languish of Sheridan's time,
were nearer character studies than car-
icatures of the sentimental simper of
their respective eras.

Perhaps Sheridan had more to do with
the decline of sentiment than any other
single man. For not only were the sen-
timental maidens of the romance-
reading Miss Languish held up to scorn,
but in the character of Joseph Surface,
an avowed man of sentiment, he gave
us one of the completest villains known
to literature or the stage. But Surface
was really a character study, and the
world, blantly insincere—not of senti-
ment—and in this case between the use
of the plural and singular lies all the
difference in the world.
There are women as well as men of
"sentiments" to-day. And it is to the
nighty, hysterical, insouciant persons
the world sentimental owes the comparative
disrepute into which it has fallen.
And there are other women who,
though they do not wear the pale flower
of sentiment flauntingly that all may
see, have something so intangibly sweet
and rare and subtle in their natures
that one divines its presence and the
perfume as slightly as one might that
of some extremely delicate sachet.
Nearly all attractive women are senti-
mental. For no woman is attractive un-
less she makes men feel instinctively
that she has had a heart, however latent
it may be, the capacity for deeply lov-
ing, which is far rarer and more pre-
cious than that for being loved. There
is in the heart of every woman worth
while a lurking belief in a fairy prince,
a wonderful being of force and fire who
is some day to claim her for his own. All
her deepest feelings, her subtlest fan-
cies are gathered and stored in the
heart which he is to claim. And she
spends her most romantic hours in sen-
timental expectancy of his coming.

This fairy prince comes to every girl
of sentiment if she will only wait long
enough. But sometimes she is of a very
practical turn of mind as well as of a
romantic one, and she will not allow her
belief in him to interfere with her ac-
ceptance of a middle-aged
broker's or a paralytic millionaire's
offer of marriage. And then her sentiment
occasionally makes her unhappy, though
not sufficiently to cause a distaste for
the solid advantages to which she has
sacrificed it.

But even in that case the sentiment is
worth while.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Outer Editor. Should Give Up Seat.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please tell me the proper place for
a gentleman when walking with two
ladies? And when a gentleman sits
with a young lady in a full car is it
proper for him to give up his seat to a
strange young lady who has no seat?
A. C. R.

Apply to Your Congressman.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
How can I secure an appointment for
West Point or the Naval Academy?
WILLIAM D. D.

To Gain Weight.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a young man seventeen years
of age and quite tall, but not very
heavy. How could I gain weight and
strength? I am a clerk. What would
be best to eat, and would walking be
good for me?
JAMES C.

Join one of the Y. M. C. A. gymna-

siums. The instructor there will pre-
scribe the most beneficial exercises for
you. Also use a punching bag. Walk-
ing (fast walking, not loitering) is one
of the best known exercises. Bicycling
is also good. Get nine hours sleep a
night in a well-ventilated room. Eat
heartily of nutritious foods.

Apply to Civil Service Commission.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I learn particulars of a
Civil Service examination? S. K.

At Any Large Bookstore.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I find a copy of Gray's
"Elegy"? A. M. K.

London Is Largest City.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Which is the largest city of the world,
London or New York? Is Paris third?
Where does Peking, China, come in?
RICHARD POLK

Population of Greater London is 6,281,372.

Of Greater New York, 3,437,292.

Paris is third with 2,719,088. Population

of Peking is estimated at 1,000,000. It is

the thirteenth largest city of the world.

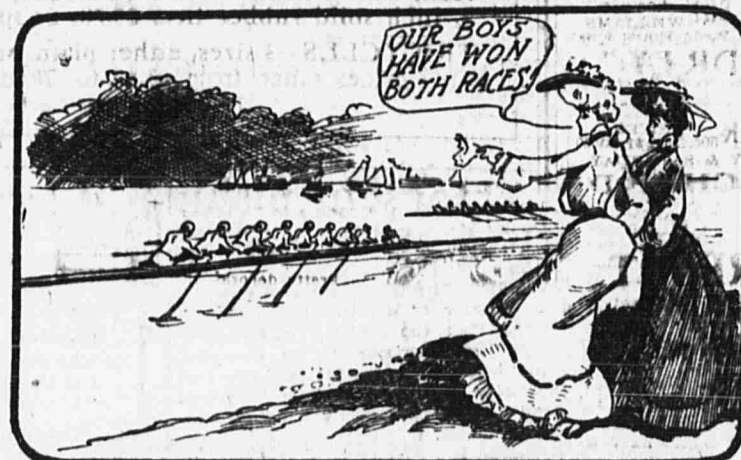
The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

Mr. Peewee Takes a Little Trip Across the Bay.



To-Day's \$5 Prize "Fudge" Idiotorial Was Written by D. Gordon, No. 54 West Tenth Street, New York City.
PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES for to-day, \$1 paid for each: No. 1—JOHN A. HOWE, No. 34 Beekman street, New York City. No. 2—ABRAHAM B. COHEN, No. 310 Adams street, Brooklyn. No. 3—HENRY WEILLER, No. 1220 Third avenue, New York City.
To-Morrow's Prize Idiotorial Gook, "Why We Should Acquire the Planet Mars."

What Is the Telephone Number?



1-8-1-2-Riverside (one eight won two-Riverside.)



Now, Guess This Yourself.

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. By Roy L. McCardell.

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"They're Off!" at the Races, but Even There It Is the Same Old Story of Cruelty and Neglect on His Part. What Would She Do if it Were Not for the Kindly Sympathy of Her Dear Mamma and Her Little Brother Willie?

"WHY didn't you get better seats
than these? Here we are stuck
way down in the front where I
can't see any of the new styles in hats
and gowns."
"That is the only way I can see them
—on other women. Of course, if you
think I am fit only to wear these old
rags, why you do perfectly right in
never buying anything for me or giv-
ing the money to buy anything for my-
self."
"But go ahead. I will never say any-
thing. I am resigned to my fate. Yet
if you had any pride you would not see
your wife out at the races looking like
a dowdy."
"You gave me money for a new dress
last week, you say?"
"Throw it up to me. One dress, after
I going all winter without a thing to
wear!"
"You never saw me without plenty of
money for clothes, you say?"
"Is that a joke, Mr. Nagg? Yes, yes,
mock me! Let me be the sport of your
grim, cruel humors. You never say a
kind word to me; you never jest or joke
with me. What are you grinning at?
How dare you grin at me?"
"Now look at the man scowling. Oh,
why did I allow myself to be fooled
again. I knew how it would be when
you said we would have a pleasant day
at the races."
"It was just one of your whims to
take me out to make a laughing stock
of me."
"You set me away down front. Look
at those other men who get seats for
their wives away at the back where
they can see the styles, but here I am
stuck away down front where every
woman here can make fun of my old
hat and gown."
"You got the best seats to see the
races, you say? That's right. Excuse
yourself. You never do anything
wrong, do you?"
"Look at that brutal ruffian making
willie take his feet off the other seat.
Of course you sit by and rejoice; you
know little brother Willie is used to
putting his feet up. You know he has
had several severe attacks of lassitude,
you know how he moaned in his sleep
and how sad and cast down he was
because you secured him a position
where he would have to slave his life
away eight hours a day as an elevator
starter. But you have no pity or com-
passion on him."
"Are you going to bet on the horses?"
No? What did you come to the races
for? Brother Willie is only a boy of
twenty-six, but he is not afraid to bet.
He says I'll give him a cinch for place.
I don't know what he means, but I
know it is something nice."
"You are going to play Frankfurter?
Brother Willie says Frankfurter is a
dog. I thought these were horse races.
I do not see any dogs. Oh, yes, there is
one that woman is holding in her arms!
What are you grinning at?"
"Show your ignorance. You think you
know it all! But I want to tell you
that you do not know anything. I know
what I am doing. I do not make any
mistakes. And yet you never hear of
me going around pretending I know it
all."
"Mamma is going to bet on Evening
Breeze because it is such a sweet name."
"There is a woman next to me who
has the finest way of picking a horse to
bet on. She shuts her eyes and jabs at
the programme with a hatpin, and
whichever horse's name the hatpin goes
through she bets on. I think that shows
good judgment. Why didn't you tell
me that was the way? But, then, you
have no intelligence."
"Give Brother Willie some money to
bet on Onion. He says it is sure to
finish strong."
"Now please, please do not argue with
me. Give him the money! You want to
bet on Frankfurter, you say? What do
you know about horses. Why don't you
defer to Brother Willie's judgment. He
knows all about horses. He knows a lot
of men who drive trucks."
"They're off! Who's off? How dare
you say that to me? Oh, you mean the
horses? Why didn't you say so? Did
you put the money on Onion, Willie?"
That was right. Mr. Nagg thinks he
knows it all.
"Do not speak to me, Mr. Nagg. I
saw you send five dollars by a boy to
spend, to waste, to throw away on
Frankfurter. You did it just to insult
me, because you knew I knew which
was the best horse."
"Here they come! Where is Onion,
Ah, there it is! This is your doing,
Mr. Nagg. You knew it was the best
horse and you gave the driver boy a
quarter to lose. Onion looks just
like a horse. I dreamed I saw pulling a
fire-engine last night. He surely would
have won but for you."
"You have won \$20 on Frankfurter,
you say? Well, give it to me and
brother Willie. We lost \$2 apiece on
Onion, and you would not have bet on
your horse only to spite us."
"What's that you say, 'Onion brings
tears to everybody's eyes.' Brute!
Wretch! This is what I get for coming
with you trying to make the day
pleasant for you!"

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

"Johnny," asked the visitor, "do you ever get any good marks at school?"

"You bet I do," replied Johnny, "but they ain't where I can show 'em."

Teacher—"In going from New York to California, what States would you pass through?"

Pupils—"I haven't studied his lesson—I wouldn't pass through any. I'd travel on a ship."

The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

Petropavlovsk Incident
Is in Line with Russian Sea Tactics.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that Admiral
Togo says that one of his mines blew up the
Petropavlovsk."

"It's a cinch that something blew up the
Petropavlovsk," replied the Man Higher Up, "but
whether it was a Japanese mine, a Russian mine or the
galley will probably not be marked up for true until the
war is over. Despite the Japanese claims, the Russians
insist that they blew themselves up. Evidently they
don't want to put any crimps in their record."

"So far as the news despatches keep us wise the
Japanese guns haven't killed anything yet but a few
Chinamen, but the Russians have lost a lot of ships and
men through accidents. I've heard of prize-fighters
making a soream after they were knocked out that it
was a chance blow, but I never heard of the same fighter
making the claim more than once. The Russians are
claiming chance blows for every time they take the
count, all of which seems to show that they are bum
sailors."

"The Japs are crafty scrappers on the water, and
Togo seems to have the enemy on the run. Whenever
one side in a fight makes a bluff and the other side, hold-
ing a weaker hand, tries to call it there is bound to be
doings. Togo sent in a lot of weak cruisers toward Port
Arthur for a bluff, and Makaroff went out to call. When
he found out that he had overplayed himself and scooted
back for the harbor he hit something or something hit
him, and there were 700 more Russian heroes in about
three minutes."

"It would be interesting to know how many former
Yankee man-of-war valets there are in Togo's command.
On board a battle-ship the Japanese servant is a star,
and probably thousands of them have done time in our
navy. The Jap is imitative, and it is not unlikely that
the valets and cooks and waiters who have served our
officers on the high seas were picking up a lot of stuff
that is doing the Japanese navy good just now. The way
the Japanese are handling Port Arthur is reminiscent of
the blockade of Santiago, and undoubtedly Togo expects
that if the Russians make a rout out they will run
against what the Spanish Admiral got when he bucked
up against Schley."

"The Russians appear to be holding their own on
land," suggested the Cigar Store Man.

"So far," agreed the Man Higher Up, "they are to
the good, but Manchuria is a mining country and if the
Russian record holds it is only a question of time until
the Russian soldiers are falling into the mines and be-
coming defunct."

GOSPLETS in Rhyme.

By the Passer-by.

The Futile Kick.

DEPARTED shade, Sir Richard Croker, rise!

See where thy temple here in ruin lies.

Where now the Boss's absolute command,
Since thou, Last Baron, art no more at hand?
How tame seems Murphy's harp now, "sweetheart poker"
Beside thy quondam pool, so exact vanished broker!
How pitiful this dread of all instructions,
Least Hili, the Democrat, raise awkward ructions!
And David, changed from candidate to "barker,"
Repeats his showman's cry of "Parker-Parker!"
Or coolly names, despite all piqued objectors,
Alternates, delegates-at-large, electors.
But more than all, note the shrewd politics
Which, though without a trump takes all the tricks,
Or floats the buoyant planks which safely go
Twixt Scylla and Charybdis, Aye and No.

The Platform.

Revise the tariff, yet in such revision

Refrain from any dangerous decision.

Preserve the Congress from the President,

Yet war on Congress where the "trusts" are meant.

Hands off the currency, canal and Philippines,

And so elude all treacherous "have-beens."

Avoid in all what fatal proved before,

And with a "don't" clear shoals on either shore.

Thus is thy might, Sir Richard, rudely shown

To perch upon an easier, up-State throne.

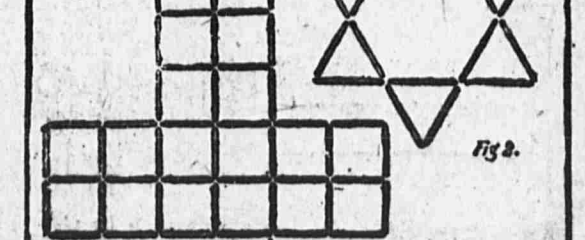
Delany, Cookran, Grady, now, and Dowling,

Your public cooler vent in ornate howling.

For Tammany is very, very sick,

And bids you raise a loud if futile kick.

Two Match Tricks.



Put matches into the position as shown in diagram 1. Now
take 20 matches away in such a manner that they will leave
five perfect squares, each one exactly as large as the other.
The star-shaped figure presents this problem: Change the
position of six matches so as to get six symmetrical di-
amonds, all of exactly equal size.

A British Joke.

Not long ago a heavy load of old iron was being carried

in a cart down the Strand in London. The lumbering ve-

hicle blocked the traffic, and the British "bus driver be-

gan to search eagerly in his mind for some suitable com-

ment. At last he found one. "Nah, then," he said, with asper-

ity, "get on there with yer Russian Navy."